WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

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WEEKLY GRAPHIC.

KIRKSVILLE. MO.

T. E. Sublette, : Proprietor.

COMPENSATIONS.

Dars lots o' things in dis 'ere wul dat's better dan dey seem;
De weeds an' grass dat crowd de corn may fatten up de team;
De rain dat spiles de cotton-fiel' will h'p clean out de ditch,
An' de oberflow dat kills de crap will make de bottoms rich:
De nubbins in de pile o' corn will 'zactly suit de steers;
And de row across de new groun's may be shorter dan it 'pears;
De oak tree flings a shadder in de hottest summer noon,
An' de dog dat miss de possum-track may stumble on de coon.

De stalks o' corn dat grow too thick is mighty apt to fail;
Too many coon-tracks in de paf will fling you orf de trail;
A swarm o' flies kin bus de web de cunnin' spider weaves,
An' de bucker plant won't come to much dat spreads too many leaves;
To crowd in ebery sort o' truck may spile de Sunday pie,
An' a sermon wid too many p'ints will hardly crawe de sky.
A little sow wid lots o' pigs is in a sorry fix,
An' de old hen's got to scuffle hard dat feeds too many chicks;
So, de man dat's gittin' l'arnin' ought to stop wid jes' enough,
An' nebber cram his head too full wid diffunt kinds o' stuff.

A little horn kin make a' awful racket in de night;
A minner oftentimes kin sink de cork clean out o' sight;
A little grabble in your shoe may start your foot to risin',
An' a flea dat's got a' appetite kin stir up things surprisin';
A narrer creek may swell itse'f an' oberflow de lan;
A bent pin in a rockin'-cheer kin lif' a whoppin' man;
A little thread is strong enough to raise de cabin latch,
An' a ragged coat-tail's mighty good to hide a' ugly patch.

A might rusty-lookin' dog kin take de 'possum-track,
An' de'h'r on top a nigger's head may kiver up a fac'
Dat 'ill he'p you dodge a mud-hole as you push along de way,
Or lead you froo a thicket whar de safes' walkin' lay.
We put some mighty sorry things to hifalutin use;
Dars heaps o' fryin' chickens grabbed from orf a rotten roos';
You know much 'bout de pea befo' you bus' de hull,
An' some handy things may float aroun' inside a woolly skull,
A corn-cob pipe kin gib you smoke an' answer mighty well:
A fus'-class man may put up at a second-class hotel;
An' a mighty solid thought may sometimes run in out de rain
An' lodge for jes' a' ebenin in a common jackass' brain.

—*J. A. Macon, in Century.*

BY THE GATE OF THE SEA.

By David Christie Murray,

AUTHOR OF "A MODEL FATHER," "A LIFE'S ATONEMENT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

Contrary to Tregarthen's expectation, no immediate action followed upon his refusal of the Major's ultimatum. A day or two went by, and he was simply disregarded. No brother officer came near him; he heard nothing about the continuance of his arrest or its discontinuance, and, after waiting in his own quarters until the sense of tedium became too marked to be easily endured, he wrote a careful little missive to the Colonel, requesting to know what form the charge against him would take, and when it would be preferred. In response to these inquiries came a letter from the Adjutant informing him that the character of the charge was under consideration, that he would receive ample warning of the date on which it would be preferred, and that he was in the mean time to regard himself as being released from active participation in regimental duties. Following on this came another letter (signed by every officer of the regiment, with the exception of the Colonel, the names following each other in order of seniority), urging upon him the extreme desirableness of a withdrawal from the regiment, and suggesting, in terms of studied politeness, that even the service at large might manage to get along without him.

This second epistle Tregarthen left unanswered, but he appealed to the Adjutant to know whether he might regard himself as being provisionally at liberty; and being answered in the affirmative, he set out for London. He found his story there before him, garbled, as such stories are. He had drunkenly insulted his Colonel, had thrown a wine-glass at him—in milder versions, had only thrown the contents of the glass—in versions even stronger, had used a decanter as a missile.

He suffered much heart-burning before the court-martial summoned to decide his case was appointed; and if he had expectations of support from any court of honor, they were dashed to pieces. The assemblage of officers and gentlemen who investigated the history of the quarrel were unanimously against him. They were also unanimous in their recommendation that he should quit the service. This, with the obstinacy natural to him, he utterly declined to do; and the upshot of the whole matter was that, when all due formalities had been accomplished, the contumacious youth was deprived of his commission, and was returned to the world with a character more damaged than it deserved to be. Discipline must be maintained, and there is no doubt that if Cornets were accustomed publicly to rebuke their Colonels for breaches of good-breeding the British military service would enter on a phase of some novelty.

Tregarthen went home disgusted and embittered. The only career he cared for was closed to him for good and all; and even in later years, when experience brought him more wisdom than two-and-twenty can commonly boast of, he believed himself to have been unjustly used.

It seemed necessary to relate this episode of his career for two reasons—it strikes a key-note of his character, and it furnishes an explanation for his after-mode of life.

CHAPTER II.

It was about the time of the events just recorded that Mr. Ronald Marsh dawned upon London. There are various ways of dawning. The gray way is perhaps esteemed the most prosperous, but Mr. Marsh dawned in vivid splendors, and his glories at the beginning were inclined to be tempestuous. London is a biggish place to dawn upon, and the luminary whose rays pierce every cranny and corner of it must rise high and shine bright indeed. Now, Mr. Marsh made no pretense (though he knew himself a sun of the first magnitude) to shine upon the vulgar. The fog of their understanding was obviously too dense for him. He did not even count upon illuming the whole of the polite world, as yet. There are men and women in the highest circles who never get a thrill of warmth or a ray of conscious light out of Æschylus or Shakespeare. Not that Mr. Marsh thought much of Æschylus or Shakespeare, but they had passed up, till now as among the earth's greatest, and they were well enough in the way of parallel or illustration. He was content for the present to be seen and known of few. He would have been content in any way, not to be seen or known at all—at least, he had the modesty to say so—to shine unheeded, and to rejoice in his own strength and radiance.

He dawned, then, in fitful splendors, and his signs and portents were first noted in the house of Lady Marguerite Capucine, where he appeared in unstarched linen and apparel of strange device, and with a head of hair like a disorderly halo. He had no actual companions, but two or three satelites accompanied him, rising at his risings and setting at his settings. Their merely physical aspect was like his own: they wore their hair at as great a length and in as picturesque disorder; their sombreros and their cloaks were as brigandish as their leader's. They thought great things of themselves and of each other; but they swore by the leader, and proclaimed him the Emancipator of Human Thought. They used to say, with every evidence of sincerity, that when the Leader gave his poems to the world the pillars of a worn-out system would be shaken.

The Leader could occasionally be prevailed upon to repeat or read a mere fragmentary extract from his work, and the appetite of his followers grew with what it fed on. In these excerpts the world was called upon to break its fetters—not particularized with clearness—and there were mightily sonorous passages about the "degraded gods" and the need for their complete abolition.

Nobody can live always at extremest high-pressure, and Mr. Ronald Marsh went about sometimes quite like an ordinary person. At these times he consorted for the most part with people who were literary, artistic and theatrical. Bohemia is a sparsely-peopled country now. One or two men who really knew its crowded haunts and its few solitudes, its cheerful highways and sad byways, wrote about it and made it familiar to the world. Then came the inevitable cloud of imitators and pretenders, and made poor old Bohemia an impossible place to live in any longer. Its name is so cheapened that the very mention of it has a ring of sham sentiment and sham mirth; even its tried gold has been so lacquered that it looks like pinchbeck. But there was a Bohemia worth knowing even so late as Ronald Marsh's day, and the great young man sometimes strayed into it, and tried to feel as if he were native there.

There was, and is, a dingy back room in one of the oldest houses in the Strand, a mere box of an apartment, in which, by crowding themselves uncomfortably, ten men of average breadth of beam can sit around the clumsy center-table. Half one side of the room is occupied by a window, but the smoke-incrusted wall of a neighboring building rises within two yards of it, and a gruesome twilight reigns within the apartment even at noontide. There, once a week, in the days of which I write, spectral-looking figures sat and held high converse on books and pictures and the drama, and on the men and women who wrote, or painted, or played. The air was heavy with tobacco-smoke and the scent of strong potables, and a new-comer, entering from the fresher air of the Strand, had some ado to make out the inmates of the room. The spectral nine welcomed the poet with grave voices, and wedged themselves closer to make room for him. The Leader took his seat with an air of modesty, and the spectral nine began to chaff him.

"I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Marsh," said one, speaking from the cloudiest corner, "that the petition yet awaits a signature."

"What petition?" asked the poet, removing his sombrero, and passing a hand of unusual whiteness through his auburn locks.

"*The* petition," responded the other, bending forward to be more impressive, and waving the smoke aside with one hand—"signed by the crowned heads of Europe, the Pope of Rome and the English Archbishops, and now awaiting the signature of the Metropolitan of the Greek Church at Moscow."

"I do not read the newspapers," said the poet, daintily lighting a cigar. "What is the object of the petition?"

"Gentlemen!" cried the man in the corner, "I appeal to you: "Is it not unfair for Mr. Marsh to feign ignorance on such a topic?"

"Unfair in the extreme," said eight solemn voices. "Disingenuous," one added, when the grave murmurs had died away. They all echoed—"Disingenuous."

"The distinguished personages already enumerated," said the man in the corner, "address their petition to you, sir, and entreat you not to smash things. They dread the advent of your coming volume. They beseech you to spare the Christian faith, and to allow monarchical institutions a final chance."

The poet smiled, and caressed his shaven cheek with the tips of his fingers. Many a true word is spoken in jest, and the man in the corner was nearer the mark than he fancied.

"If the prayers of the great can not move you," pursued the man in the corner, "you are a man, for you are a poet—the greater includes the less—and you may be moved by the petitions of the lowly. I have a maiden aunt, a harmless creature, who resides hard by, and clear starches for a Bishop. If you destroy the Church you take away her means of livelihood. Smite the lofty, if you will, but spare the humble. Spare my maiden aunt."

All the solemn voices murmured, led by a man in another corner: "Spare, oh, spare his maiden aunt!"

"A special fund shall be set apart out of the publisher's profits," said the poet, "and your maiden aunt shall be provided for."

"He unbends," said one. "He is human after all. He can gleek upon occasion, like the Athenian weaver."

"Let us take him into our collective bosom," said the man in the corner. "Let us stand him drinks. Lorrimer, when the glad child of the sun broke in upon us you were in possession of the ear of the house. Continue. Poet, be silent. A harp less varied than thine own awakes in praise of beauty."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Lorrimer, who beamed rubicund and jovial through the smoke, "she is a stunner! I do not speak unadvisedly or as one who has no knowledge. It was I who found her. She has the grace of Venus and the voice and figure of a what's-his-name. I have no pretense to classical attainments, gentlemen, and I wish that our gifted young friend could describe her for me."

"We shall judge for ourselves when she makes her *début*," said the man in the corner. "But, in the meantime, who is she? Where does she come from?"

"You shall know all I know," said Mr. Lorrimer, with a superfluous appearance of candor. "Burnley has bought a bit of fishing at a place called Lickey, down in Berkshire. Little bit of a place, with little bit of a theater, and the worst company I *ever* saw. Burnley asked me down, and, of course, with nothing doing at the end of May, down I went. Went to the theater first night. Play was, 'As You Like It.' As *I* liked it, it was the most fearful rubbish ever staged. Even Shakespeare couldn't live through that interpretation. But, begad, gentlemen, in walks Rosalind, and I thought I must be dreaming. Such a figure, such a voice, such a stage presence, such a style! Face not particularly pretty, but sweet and expressive, and all that sort of thing. Made me laugh, begad; made me cry; did what she wanted with me. I've been in the profession now for forty years, and I am not easily moved."

"Wrong, Lorrimer! You are more easily moved than ever," said the man in the corner. "We all are. We cultivate the emotions until they master us more readily than they used. G'n unsweetened is the next best thing in the pursuit of an artistic calling. Take them both together, and you are blessed indeed. You can weep at any moment. Will you ring the bell, Lorrimer? Thank you. Waiter—gin, unsweetened."

"Well," said Mr. Lorrimer, "I've seen 'em all for forty years, and played to most of 'em; and, only give the new one a bit of practice, gentlemen, and she'll beat the lot of 'em. Into sticks," he concluded, beating the table two or three times with the palm of his hand—"into sticks!"

"What is the wonder's name?" asked the poet.

"Her name is Churchill," said Mr. Lorrimer—"Miss Churchill. And when the Siddonses and the Bracegirdles and the Oldfields and the Kellys and the Keelys are forgotten, she will be remembered. She's unequaled. There never was anything like her."

"The puff preliminary," said the man in the corner, "requires an art which only Lorrimer has mastered. Dramatic critics, hold up your hands. Five; and all big fish."

"I don't want to puff this time," cried Lorrimer. "Wait till you see the lady, gentlemen, and you'll say with me that no adverse criticism can get near her. I defy the crowd of you. And now, though I grieve to leave you, dear boys, all, I must be off to rehearsal."

Two men rose to allow him to unwedge himself from between the table and the wall. As he passed the poet he touched him on the shoulder and gave him an inviting backward nod. Mr. Marsh arose and followed him.

"Now *you're* a judge of acting," said Mr. Lorrimer, when they were in the Strand. "You're a judge of female beauty, too. First dress rehearsal this afternoon. You shall just take a seat in the circle, my boy, and then you shall give me an opinion."

The theatrical manager had not nearly so high an opinion of Mr. Marsh's critical powers as the young gentleman himself enjoyed, nor had he, perhaps, even so high an opinion as he expressed, but he reverenced "a nob," and Mr. Marsh was undoubtedly a nob of the most influential order. The poet was hand-in-glove with Lady Marguerite Capucine, his sister-in-law, who had a good deal to do with artistic opinion in the upper circles. Neither she nor any other lady, however distinguished, could make or break the fortunes of any production of Mr. Lorrimer's; but the manager had an exalted idea of her usefulness, and the poet had the run of the house, and was young enough to enjoy the satisfaction of taking off the glamour of a theatrical performance by getting behind the scenes.

There were, perhaps, a dozen men and women sprinkled about the dusky house—two or three in the pit, and the rest scattered over the dress circle—when the curtain rose and discovered Adam and Orlando. For those days, the revival was to be unusually magnificent and complete. The acting was competent, though a little old-fashioned and somber until Rosalind came upon the stage. Miss Churchill bewitched the poet as she had bewitched the Cornet in the little country town, only when *he* was charmed the poet felt it was his duty to be somewhat more charmed than a commonplace person could dream of being. He coined strange epithets wherewith to describe her to his friends, and at the fall of the curtain on the third act he made his way round to the back of the stage. There he met Lorrimer, and fell on him with praises, tooth and nail.

"My dear Lorrimer, a supernal performance! There's something in it—*a je ne sais quoi*—a tenderness in chiding, a dignity in repose, a courtliness in badinage; one seeks in vain for words of enough aptness and delicacy and descriptive amplitude; but one is delighted—one is borne away. I must really make a point of being allowed to do the notice in the *Scourge*. They praise so rarely there that one will have a chance of making an impression. My dear Lorrimer, you have discovered a jewel. I must really make a point of asking to be presented. You must present me, Lorrimer—you must really."

Lorrimer, consenting, led the way. Rosalind, in a fur cloak which reached to her toes, was standing, with a somewhat embarrassed air, looking up at a picture on the green-room wall.

"Permit me, Miss Churchill," said Lorrimer. "Mr. Ronald Marsh, the most charming of London's poets."

There are few things less pleasant, as every modest man knows, than to be praised effusively, and yet below one's obvious merits.

"Mr. Lorrimer flatters me," said the poet, bowing.

"Not at all," cried the manager, "not at all."

The tall and stately Rosalind vouchsafed one glance to Mr. Ronald Marsh, offered him something between a nod and a mutilated courtesy, and resumed the study of the picture on the wall. However much at her ease she might be on the stage, she had at present but a poor imitation of self-possession when off it. But the gentle flattery of ladies was the poet's social strong-point, or so he fancied. Somebody called Lorrimer aside, and Mr. Marsh saw nothing better than to repeat the speech he had so recently spoken.

"A supernal performance, Miss Churchill. Really, believe me, quite a supernal performance. So sweet a tenderness in chiding—such a dignity in repose—such courtliness in badinage it has never been my happy lot to meet upon the English boards. I assure you, Miss Churchill, that one seeks in vain for words of enough aptness and delicacy and descriptive amplitude. One is delighted—one is borne away."

Before Mr. Marsh had got more than half way through his speech Lorrimer had returned, unheard, and stood with a broad grin at his elbow. The poet, encountering the manager's smile, read its meaning and blushed at detection. Miss Churchill, who had kept her eyes upon the picture while he spoke, looked round at him like a disguised lady in an old play.

"I am obliged to you, sir," she said, with something of the accent of the stage. "Excuse me, sir, my call."

She walked to the green-room door, at which the call-boy had indeed at that moment bawled her name. The call, however, was not for the stage. The boy handed her a letter, a formal-looking document, in a large blue cover, with a splashed seal of red wax. The actress seeming, by a slight inclination of her head, to demand leave of the manager and the poet, broke the seal, and, opening the letter, began to read. The poet watched her the while, and saw a blush rise beyond the line of necessary rouge upon her cheek. Looking up, she caught him in the act of staring at her, and with a courtesy she swept from the room.

Mr. Marsh felt that he had fared but poorly, and stood sucking at the knob of his walking-cane with a more vacuous aspect than a great man often wears. By and by, finding that Rosalind did not reappear, he strolled back to the dress-circle, where he lounged with upward glance, and rested his auburn head upon his hand in the most approved poetic manner. He was so absorbed in thinking of what the other people in the dress-circle were likely to think of him, that for awhile he did not notice that the curtain still lay between him and the long since exploited and exploded fairyland of the stage. By and by the scattered denizens of the dress-circle drew near each other and laid their heads together. Then Lorrimer appeared before the curtain and the floats, as if in act to address the limited audience, but he retired without saying a word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COCA LEAF.

A Stimulant to the Nervous System and an Alleviation of Suffering.

The coca leaf, when chewed, is a powerful stimulant to the nervous system, of the nature of opium, but less violent and more lasting in its action. Bernays says: "There is so much concurrent testimony as to place beyond doubt the fact that the moderate use of coca leaves as a masticatory enables fatigue to be endured with less distress and with less nourishment. Markham says that he chewed coca very frequently, and, beside the agreeable, soothing feeling produced, he found that he could endure long abstinence from food with less inconvenience than he would otherwise have felt; and it enabled him to ascend precipitous mountain sides with a feeling of lightness and elasticity and without losing breath. To the Peruvian Indian coca is a solace which affords enjoyment and has a most beneficial effect." Quoting from the same authority: "The incredible fatigue, says Von Tschudi, endured by the Peruvian infantry, with very spare diet, but with the regular use of coca, and the laborious toils of the Indian miner, kept up under similar circumstances throughout a long series of years, certainly afford sufficient ground for attributing to the coca leaves not a quality of mere temporary stimulus but a powerful nutritive principle."

But the excessive use of coca is well known to be injurious, and the unsteady gait, the yellow-colored skin, the dim, sunken eyes, the quivering lips and general apathy are the indications of the inveterate coca chewer. It is, however, considered the least injurious of all narcotics, in use, and in the higher regions of the Andes its effects are less marked than in warmer and damper districts. As a palliative agent in the hands of a skillful physician cocaine is capable of greatly alleviating human suffering, and its use in this manner will henceforth be widely extended.—*Vick's Magazine.*

—In a household in Buncombe County, N. C., a large dish of peanuts has been placed on the dinner table for dessert every day in the year since the lady of the house took a fancy to the fruit thirty years back.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—The Boston *Courier* thinks there should be common sense in the dramas. That is just like Boston! The next thing will be to demand that a play shall have a new plot.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Washington Telegraphed Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 3d.

The President has vetoed the bill to make Omaha a port of entry and the "Grave Desecrating" bill. He will, if he continues, prove the greatest vetoer we have ever had in the Presidential chair.

The eight hour boom has struck Washington, and everything is in a state of doubtfulness. The labor agitation is creating fear and trembling among the high and the low, and there is no telling what a day may bring forth. All are hoping for the best.

"Hog-butter" is the new name for butter immitations, and there is no doubt that its manufacturers will have an uphill time of it after Congress gets through with it.

The retiring Chinese Minister took his leave of the President in a very neat speech on Tuesday last and the new Minister was presented to the President on Thursday. He was attired in full court costume, and was attended by three of his suit and an interpreter.

The River and Harbor bill drags its way in the House, but the Hennepin Canal bill seems to have no chance of adoption this session.

Cullom's Inter-State Commerce bill was the subject of discussion in the Senate on Tuesday last.

Sentor Jones, of Florida, it is said, will soon return from Detroit and take his seat. It is believed that he is satisfied with the result of his wooing.

The town has been full of anti-butterine men for some days, and they have laid siege to the Committee on Agriculture, and it begins to look as if they might succeed in securing the passage of a bill restricting and taxing the mannfacture of all butter imitations.

The Republicans are satisfied with their contest with the President, and having unmasked his hypocritical pretensions to civil service, will proceed to confirm all his reputable nominations.

R. S. Dement, of Illinois, is in hard luck, and after all will not be confirmed as Surveyor General of Utah.

There was a spirited debate in the Senate on Wednesday on the question of the transportation of the mails by the American built ships.

The third annual meeting of the American Historical Society was held in this city last week, the first session occurring on the 27th ult. The President, Hon. George Bancroft, delivered an able address of welcome. Interesting papers were read, and instructive addresses were delivered by prominent authors and others.

The discussion of the Morrison tariff bill in the House promises to occupy four or five weeks. It is likely that not less than fifty statesmen will desire to air their views on the subject.

The Senate was building bridges more or less all the week. It is remarkable what a demand there is for authority to erect bridges over the Western rivers.

The question of the redemption of the trade dollar will no doubt be disposed of at this session. Mr. Lanham, of Texas, introduced a bill on Thursday which is likely to meet with a favorable reception. It is to the effect that trade dollars shall be received for all dues to the United States for six months after the adoption of the bill, and that they shall not again be issued but shall be recoined. It also provides that Assistant Treasurers of the United States for the same length of time shall pay out standard silver dollars, dollar for dollar, when presented.

An exchange puts it thus: The mellow goose, the mallard duck, the black bird and the crow will soon be here from southern lands to watch the cornfields grow; the hungry hawk and 'thunder-pump,' will also come along, and join their cheerful racket with the bullfrog's tuneful song. All nature soon will don her garb of green and dappled gray, while snow and ice and coal bills too will sadly fade away. The farmer's boy sent out to plow will find a stack of hay, lie down upon its sunny side and sleep for half a day. The dry goods clerk, with doleful yawn—no customers in sigh—on bales of two cent calico will rest from morn till night. A gentle languor steals upon the bravest and the best, and printers are the only class that can't find time to rest.

The proposition to execute criminals by electricity is one which is worthy of investigation by scientist and the humanely inclined.

When a Chicago policeman clubs a man to death he only gets a three-line notice in the papers. Such a contemptuous disregard of striking ability is cruel and discouraging to the force.

A Hopeless Minority.

Among all the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's many accomplishments not the least is his ability as a story teller. To much amused listeners he told recently this one about a New York drummer. A typical "knight of the grip sack" was detained at a small town in Western New York a while ago where a revival meeting was in progress. He had met a party of convivial friends during his stay there, and had what is popularly known as "a load on." Nevertheless, he drifted into the revival meeting and took a seat well up in front. It was rather close in the church and the warm air was conducive to sleep. The drummer yielded to the drowsy god, and after nodding a little sank into a profound slumber and slept through the minister's rather long and dry discourse. The audience sang a hymn and the drummer slept on. Then the evangelist began his address, and wound up his fervid appeal with this request:

"Will all of you who want to go to heaven please rise."

Every one in the church except the sleepy drummer arose. When the evangelist asked them to be seated one of the brothers in the same pew as the sleepy drummer accidentally brushed against him as he sat down. The drummer rubbed his eyes, and partially awake heard the last portion of the evangelist's request, which was:

"Now I want all of you who want to go to hell to stand up."

The drummer struggled a little, leaned forward undsteadily, and rose from his seat in a dazed sort of way. A sort of suppressed laugh he heard from some of the younger people, and an expression of horror he noticed on the face of some of the older ones.

Steadying himself against the rail he looked at the evangelist an instant and then said:

"Well, parson, I don't know just exactly what we're voting on, but you and I seem to be in a hopeless minority."

MAY ANNOUNCEMENT!

Illustrated Graphic News.

This enterprising pictorial weekly will begin May with a brighter and livelier issue than ever. Amongst the attractive and interesting features of this May 1st number, will be a new Spring heading for its spring overcoat (colored cover), with a handsome frontispiece. The title page will be devoted to the Eentry of the Apache Indians into Fort Marion, Florida, as prisoners of the United States; a double page supplement—Opening of the Circus Season, and series of illustrations showing the work of the Terrible Cyclone in Minnesota, which laid waste two entire towns. The Soldiers' Monument, dedicated at Montgomery, Ala., April 28th, will be pictured together with a General View of Charleston, West Virginia's Capital; the new Capital and Government Buildings at Denver, Colorado; portraits of the New Chinese Minister and ex-Congressman Whitthorn, successor to U. S. Senator Jackson, of Tennessee, and other pleasing pictures. A grand May number will appeare May 8th, including a magnificent double colored supplement.

The May Century.

"Hawthorn's Philosophy" is the article which will first catch the attention of many readers of the May CENTURY, partly because his personality is one of lasting interest, and also for the reason that his son who writes the paper, has an intimate philosophical way of appreciating the elder's genius. In the frontispiece portrait, after a daguerreotype, we have the novelist as he appeared, with clean shaven face, in 1848, while he was surveyor in the Salem Custom-house. With the articles appear, also, a portrait from a photograph taken about 1862. Of peculiar literary interest besides are Clarence King's vivacious accounnt of a hunt in Spain for an old barber's basin, such as is known to readers of Cervantes as "the Helmet of Mambrino"; and the third chapter of "Zweibak; or, Notes of a Professional Exile."

The Rev. T. T. Munger, who a year ago contributed an essay on "Immortality and Modern Thought," writes in this number with equal suggestiveness of "Evolution and the Faith."